

THE GUILFORDIAN

Entered at Guilford College, N. C., as second-class matter under the act of Congress, August 24, 1912.

Published semi-monthly during the school year by the students of Guilford College.

Editor-in-Chief..... Virginia Ashcraft
Managing Editor..... Marjorie Hoffmann
Business Manager..... Shirley Ware

Editorial Staff—Roberta Reid, Oscar Sapp, Helen Stabler, Allyn Peters, Juanita Young

Sports Editor—John Haworth

Sports Staff—Margery Huber, Barbara Anderson, Jack Wright

Business Staff—Patricia Sheemaker, Joan Ripperger, Helen Lewis

Reporters—Toni Ungar, Betty Jane Powell, Alice Ekeroth, Cornelia Knight, Helen Lewis, Barbara Williams, Patricia Lockwood, Martha McLellan, M. J. Martin, Peggy Trexler.

Apprentice Reporters—George Abrams, Jerome Allen, Charles Redman, Hampton Howerton, Shirley Williams, Amoret Butler, Anne Perkins.

Faculty Advisers—Dorothy L. Gilbert, David Parsons

Subscription price \$1.00 per year

Member

Associated Collegiate Press

Your Mark?

Remember Dr. Ljung? Remember the straight lines? In the absence of Lt. Harvey Ljung we feel that it is our duty to pinch-hit and try to impress upon you the fact that our lovely campus is rapidly becoming A MESS! And all because of you. Is it a matter of life or death that you save approximately one minute by cutting across the campus between Mem and Mary Hobbs? The library, in all probability, will still be situated on the same location whether you take time to go on the walk built for that purpose or whether you dash madly across the grass. Footprints on the sands of time may be all right — but on Guilford's campus—never!

Two other main lanes of traffic are across the circles—the one in front of Mem and the one on the way to gym. The path across the front circles is absolutely unnecessary. As for the one besides Founders, you're usually five minutes late for phys. ed. anyway, so what's the rush? A few seconds make little difference except in improving the general appearance of the campus.

Since this is a "wet" state, it is even more imperative that we refrain from taking our hikes on the grass. At the present one doesn't notice the various bald patches and the foot-prints, but wait until spring! Guilford's campus is enchanting in the spring. Why mar its beauty with unsightly paths?

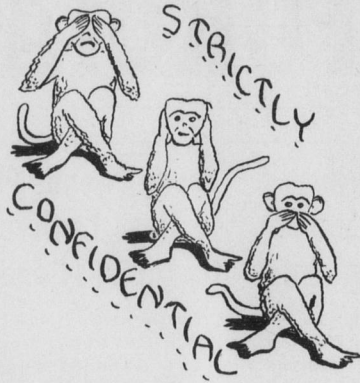
Use the flagstone walks for:

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

W. O. Mendenhall

Guilford welcomed such an engaging visitor as Dr. William Mendenhall to our campus. Our own President Milner had been well received on his trip west in the fall, and we were more than glad to reciprocate the hospitality when Dr. Mendenhall came east on a similar mission. All the students had an opportunity to hear him speak once if not more often at chapel, in Seminar, in conferences, at the "Y" meeting, and to meet him personally at a tea. His genial, kindly personality seemed to attract the students. He certainly had a fund of amusing stories and anecdotes with which to hold their attention and illustrate his more serious messages.

He is an impressive speaker and must have left his mark somewhere to ripen in someone's mind. Perhaps his visit will



Remember to keep this under your hat, but it's being said that the rock **Nell Hubbard** is sporting means things . . . And where do you suppose **June Cunningham** killed that bear? I'd like to trap one for my woman . . . Someone should tell **Oscar Sapp** that no one is going to carry the torch for him when there's fireworks aplenty in Tennessee.

Did you hear about the blonde and the doctor? It seems he told her she had acute appendicitis and she said, "Oh, doc, I bet you tell that to all the girls."

Onions to the jerks who don't know how to behave in chapel—they certainly give this place an Elon reputation . . . Everyone please notice **Eddy Duchin Lehr** at the Mary Hobbs' piano. Now stay on your side of the line, Jim—you've had your publicity . . . Now how do you suppose the measles got started at Davidson?

I'd rather have one of **Jimmy Joe's** shoes than a mirror any day! . . . How about wearing your own kind of shirts, gals?—with the tails in! Don't you know men like sissy things? . . . **Long John** killed two birds with one stone in Winston last week-end, didn't he? . . . Certainly was nice to see **Johnnie Smithdeal** around this week.

Here's a toast to **Presnell's** roadhouse. It can be improved only by staying open on Sundays and Wednesday afternoons . . . They tell me **Fletcher** knew he was married all the time and that's why SHE stopped dating HIM! My! My!

Dedications

To **Oscar Sapp**: Would that my car would run like some people's mouths—tirelessly, tirelessly!

To **Polly Korn**: Her name is neither time nor tide; she waits for any man.

To **Lovey**: She's only a baseball pitcher's daughter, but she has a mean curve.

To **Tannenbaum** (a fond farewell):
'Twas just the other evening
In a fortune-telling place—
A pretty gypsy read his mind,
And promptly slapped his face!

Where have you been keeping yourself, beautiful?

What makes you think I've been keeping myself?

—The Log.

"How do you like your new boy friend?"

"He's like the fourth man in the Conga line."

"What do you mean?"

"You know—one, two, three, jerk!"

—The Log.

OMAR

bear fruit—maybe he was able to influence some potential leader and inspire him with his achievements. He is certainly a worthwhile figure to follow.

He is interested in college students and has kept in touch with the younger generation. He shared with us from his large store of experiences. In one of his chapel talks he stressed the need for physical relaxation, mental relaxation, meditation, and prayer in our hurried, ever bustling world. If one could get out of the active stream of life, stand aside for a moment, and watch it go by with an objective attitude, then come back with renewed vigor, how much broader one's horizon could be after looking beyond one's own back fence. We have listened to him with interest, and now we extend a cordial invitation to him to return to Guilford soon.

M. H.

Measles

Once upon a time ago
There was a germ:
He said, "I think the time is ripe
For folks to squirm!"
And so he set his feelers down,
For he was firm!

His wife said, "No, my dear, please don't!"
He said, "I must!"
She wept, but he just frowned and said,
"Females be cussed!"
And went ahead and packed his bag
With measlesdust.

And soon at Guilford, everyone
Grew red in spots,
And all the campus then reclined
In little cots.
And now each convalescent stays behind
The gates and rots.

Imagine all the misery caused
To men and mouses—
To elephants and doodlebugs,
To skunks and louses—
Because the males refuse to listen
To their spouses!

SNAKI.

OPEN FORUM

February 10, 1944.

Hi, Quakers:

I'm just writing to tell you how much I appreciate your sending me the Guilfordian. It is a swell little paper and I get a lot of enjoyment out of it.

I have been sent here from Camp Grant to start to work under the A.S.T.P. . . . After being at Guilford this place really awes me. They have 14,000 students here. The place is so big that I've gotten lost two or three times. While waiting for the term to begin they have us taking refresher courses in Algebra and Trigonometry. They don't have anyone here to touch Dr. Purdon when it comes to math, though. I do have a couple of instructors who go "ah ah ah hem" every once in a while, though.

Thanks again for the paper.

As ever,
NEIL O'LEARY

P.S.—My address is: Pvt. C. J. O'Leary, 42001864, S. T. A. R. Unit, Newman Hall, Armory Ave., University of Illinois, Champaign, Illinois.

i mortimer

i mortimer have been laid low by a siege of measles melissa came to see me and treated me for appendicitis i recovered i and egbert the earthworm took a ride in the milners limousine and picked up the queen at the hairdressers clyde received a shock when he surveyed her new hairdo victoria is trying to imitate it i and victoria are arguing about the superiority of founders waiters over mary hobbs we cant reach a unanimous decision wee daring is teaching me to knit i am making a muffler to wind around my feelers on chilly days helen lewis is bringing up effie the alligator to be a model child she never cries or gets in trouble and sleeps all night in the bathtub the bridge bug has bitten several mary hobbites they stay up half the night trying to win victoria helps them by keeping score rudolph the rat was captured by the head hunters on third floor and was condemned to death mrs bardwell is trying to overcome the effects of the execution with perfume last monday victoria and i were cuddled on the couch in founders when we were startled by loud gnashing of teeth and tragic cries of the lovelorn victoria was greatly disturbed but it was only dean and christy in thier weekly battle i hope jonathan dixon will stop using college language in front of victoria it makes her blush she has been flirting with eutbert the caterpillar in uniform she must never know i am only seventeen i mortimer laughed until my antennae shook when lamp howerton got a rash on his face from too much pancake makeup i must take victorias temperature i think she is taking german measles

From the Files

October 10, 1917—Algie Newlin and Hugh Moore, leaders of the Prep. Bible classes, treated their youthful disciples to a 'possum hunt last Tuesday night. Three 'possums were treed and caught. They were all small, but that was the fault of the 'possums, not of the hunters.

May 10, 1922—Warrich Nicholson entered the wrestling events in the All-State Athletic meet held in Durham, May 3 to 6. Warrich was defeated by Taylor of Wilmington after ten minutes of snappy wrestling.

QUIPS and QUIRKS

By TWO JERKS

People have complained about our riding **Janie T.** so much and suggested that we give her a plug. We think she is the most beautiful, nicest, sweetest, most sincere, and best all-around girl on the campus—hows' that for a plug, kids? We are glad to see "**Junior**" **Griswald** back on the campus; these former Guilfordians just can't stay away. We know that there is a man shortage and all that, but our fellows don't exactly like the idea of certain women on the campus tearing after visiting teams—they ought to quit holding back, and throw all of their excess charm our way instead of wasting it on outsiders.

Guilford has long had a good reputation in college circles when it comes to sportsmanship and respect to visiting teams and officials. It is a common courtesy NOT to boo officials and the other players at any time—think before you act and we'll uphold our reputation. The turnouts for the ball games this year haven't been up to par, and school spirit is certainly lacking. If every player knew that 100% of the student body was backing him, win, lose or draw, he and coach would feel a lot better about it—how about it, let's come out and support, the school, the team, and the coach!

"**Beefy**" is quite a guy, but has a very bad sense of direction, we think. T'other night at W. C. he found himself on the ground floor of the girls' dorm—what was he doing?—your guess is as good as ours. **Big John**—"How did you find the ladies at the dance?" **Jimmy Joe**—"Ohh, I opened the door marked 'Ladies' and there they were." **Dean** has cultivated a domestic attitude here of late—he even does **Christy's** shopping. **Fletcher** has been making headway with Pre-Rabbi student **Lowry**, but we noticed in the paper the night after he dated her he slipped from sixteen to six points a game—tell us, **Fletcher**, what on earth went on? First little baby in maternity ward: "I'm a little boy baby." Second of the same: "How can you tell?" First: "My name is Henry."

Doc: "It's a girl." Guilford Grad: "Gad. Another mouth to buy cigarettes for." The difference between a spinster and a bachelor is that a bachelor has never been married, but the spinster has never been married or anything. **Squires**: "I don't like that **Dixon** boy." **Warnke**: "Why?" **Squires**: "He whistles dirty songs." Then there is the one about the little dog that was always putting his nose in someone else's business. **Dean**: "You look broken up. What's the matter?" **Matt**: "I wrote home for money for a study lamp." **Dean**: "So what?" **Matt**: "So they sent me a lamp."

One of our good friends from last year recently got married. He and his bride decided to honeymoon in New York. The other day we received a letter from him: "Off and on, up and down; off and on, up and down, all night long. If you ever get married take my advice and don't get a room next to an elevator." Catawba coach: "Com'on, snap it up, you guys. You're playing like a bunch of amateurs." Too true. You don't have to go to college to learn how to neck—but it helps. **Hunter**: "I have a couple of squirrels here I'd like for you to fix up for me." **Taxidermist**: "Why, yes. How do you want them, sir?" **Hunter**: "Just put them in a friendly pose." **Taxidermist**: "Do you want them mounted?" **Hunter**: "No. Just shaking hands will be all right."

"When Eve ate the apple," said Jute,
As he gazed at his daughter's chic suit,
"Her modesty rose,
She began wearing clothes;
Mother, pass daughter the fruit."

Co-ed at Guilford: "I like guys with blue eyes and greenbacks."

Tannenbaum says that his greatest achievement at G. C. is his part in the Pan-Athenian Procession—brother, that was rare! **Jimmy Joe** thought W. C. girls had the gall to date minks—but found out later that it was merely a taxi-cab driver (Royal, at that). We know that we've disappointed a lot of people by our column this time, but you know that we can't write anything that doesn't happen—and nothing's happened since last issue fit to print. Everyone seems to have at least calmed down and started to really study (this is the biggest joke in the column). We've used the same personalities over and over, and they're tired of it, and so are we—we know the **Morons**, the **Founder's** crowd, and the **Queen** could use a rest, so here it is.

Frap and Stretch.